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THE TALE OF ALLAN LORBURNE.

Continued from Page 339.

"You may remember, brethren," said Allan Lorburne, "that on the morning we left our home, and the mother we were never more to see, our father accompanied us to the foot of the little hill where three roads separate. 'My three fair sons,' he said, 'it is fore-ordained that we must part—that you must yourselves part, each to pursue his fortune in the world—and something tells me we shall never meet again. Our native land is bare and sterile; the land of the stranger is rich and fertile, flowing with honey and waving with corn, and the women wear as much gold and precious stones in their locks as would buy Glenesing glen, and all the flocks of Fardenrush. Be wise, therefore, and be prudent—the stranger needs your strength—he gets even richer by your understanding—his ships waft home the gold and the spices of foreign parts—he is an ocean-prince, and you would do well to trim your shallop and sail under the protection of his banner. Go, therefore, my sons; and when you have raised a name, and gathered riches together, return to your native hill and spend the remainder of your days in peace, and go quietly to the grave, and have a Scottish sod laid on your bosom. And so my blessing go with you.

"'For you, my eldest-born, it is written on your brow that you are to be a sojourner on the sea—an implorer of the western wind for a steady and a propitious breeze, and an entreater of Heaven for a full sea and a prosperous voyage. It is a life of peril; but it is also, to an adventurous and enthusiastic mind, a life of much joy; joy to him who loves to visit ancient and renowned lands, and see cities signalized in song and story;—joy to one who wishes to mark the ways and the characters of strange and savage nations, and who desires to drop anchor on coasts of pearl and of gold. Mark my words: thou wilt have to mingle on the sea with fierce and savage spirits, who delight in fraud and violence—in outrage and in plunder—with men who buy and sell human blood—who tear the babe from the mother's breast, and scourge her with a scourge—men who fear not Him in heaven; but, trusting to their winged waggons, go traversing the deep, working woe to the inhabitants of the lonesome isle and the unprotected coast. Restrain when thou canst these base spirits—mingle not in their counsel, partake not in their deeds—they shall surely be punished. I have known such a life myself; and I ever found that the winds and the waves, the sunken rock and the false quicksand, the arrow and the sword, were ministers of vengeance for outrage and deeds of blood. Go, my child, and may Fortune find thee, and Honour adopt thee for her son;'—and parting from my father I took the left-hand road, which conducted me to a fair city and fine haven, where ships of many nations rode at anchor.

"I had never looked on such a scene before—and though I had often heard of the ocean, and of the ships which wandered upon its waves, and imaged to myself, as the maritime tale went round, a curious structure for waiting man and his luxuries, fancy I found had presented me with nothing so beautiful as the vessels which floated before me. Their swelling and painted sides—their tall, and smooth, and tapering masts—their milk-white canvas expanded to the wind, streamers of all colours floating from the top-

mast and prow, and the song of the busy sailors, as they ascended and descended, and trimmed the sails, and prepared for the voyage—formed altogether a sight which threw an enchantment over my youthful mind. I stood with parted lips and wide-opened eyes, devouring the scene spread out in maritime glory before me—and I stood not unobserved. 'Come, my bonnie youth,' said a captain, whose visage was darkened by many a West Indian sun, 'Come, my bonnie youth, and I will teach thee how to win thy fortune on the waters: I will teach thee to steer with the compass by day and the stars by night, and show thee the way to gain gold among islands of sugar-canes, and frankincense, and spice. So come with me, my pretty landsman, and we will sail to the shore where the maidens are frank and free, with cheeks like a China orange, and clothes which you might hide in the case of a ridding comb.'—'Come with me rather, young man,' said another captain, whose cheeks still bore tokens of a maritime battle,—'scorn stowage and pilotage, and brokerage, and barter, and all those petty shifts of inferior spirits which tame down a pretty lad like you; and come where the cannons roar and the cutlasses flash in boarding our enemies' ships on the sunny shore of Barbary. Come, and I will teach you to point the cannon and level the boarding-pike, and humble those enemies of Scotland, the Frenchman, and the Spaniard.'—'Or rather come with me, my cannie landsman,' said a third captain, 'and I will teach thee how to steer, and traffic, and fight—to sell silks and spice, and brave thy enemy with pistol and cutlass. Come and join the merry crew of the good ship Rover, where every man can count you as much Spanish gold as would buy half a dozen of these healthy and rocky hills to which you look back with a sigh. There's mickle mirth on the deep—and there's no Sunday on five-fathom of water. And if ye love music, and maidens, and red wine, we find these commodities on every shore—ah, merry may the maid be who lays her love on a sailor.' While he continued speaking, a couple of his comrades half conducted and half carried me into a little boat, and I soon found myself on the deck of the good ship Rover, Captain Cutawa, commander.

"As the morn rose the tide flowed into the bay—not with that slow and almost imperceptible swell which belongs to the ocean on the more southern parts of the coast—but it came on in long ranks of waves in swift and undulating succession, running three feet abreast, and bearing with it a multitude of pellocks, which came shooting forward, and plunging and lifting their coal-black heads above the moon-light waves. The captain gave a shrill whistle; in a moment the sail was spread to the wind, the vessel moved away, and the hills, and shore, and city, began to lessen and subside as we sought our path through the waters. I stood and gazed on the foaming furrow at stern—on the quivering masts and the bellying sail—and then looked on the moon and on the stars, and thought of my native hill and my father's house, over which for many an evening they shone so brightly to me. A blow from a rope's end, laid on with no gentle hand, startled me from this reverie. 'Come, you gaping and glowring land-louper,' said a squat personage, with a neck brawny and short, an eye savage and overbearing, and brandishing over me a piece of rope, curiously twisted and wrought into a weapon equal to the feeling of an ox; 'Come, come, my handy lad—lay your soft palms to a pitchy rope; you came not here to muse and meditate—stir, man, stir—else I will order thee a sousing in salt water, and make thee find thy fins among the foam at the vessel's wake. May the admiralty seek the passage to the pole bewteen my fifth and sixth ribs, if this stripling from the furrow and the furze-bush looks not as if he would strike again. Here, Sam Splicer and Tom Spankem, noose a rope round this chap's waist, and give him a drink out of the Dutchman's pickling-tub;' and he laid his

rope again on my shoulders, and bequeathed me to his two companions. I could never endure insult and blows in the manner of many poor mariners, and I never inflicted them myself. I made a leap almost to the extremity of the vessel, snatched up a short boarding-pike, and with a burning brow, and lips quivering in anger, vowed death to the first man who touched me. The boatswain (for such he was, and his name was Borthwick,) laid his hand on his cutlass, made a step as if resolved to cut me down, and stood and menaced me with a frowning brow, and eyes which grew dark as death. 'Come, my determined chap,' said he, taking his hand from his cutlass' hilt—'I like thee all the better for this flash of native spirit—so drop thy half-pike, and make thyself useful, and don't run to cold steel for a tickle on the shoulder with the boatswain's towse. Here, Dick Gregson, bring us a pair of cupfulls of the neat Dutch article—a friendship that's not addered with strong drink is like a castle well-cemented with saw-dust. By the divinity of six fathoms of sea-water, many's the small quarrel I make for the sake of the reconciliation cup.' As he concluded, he seized a large goblet of silver, brimful of smuggled gin, and emptied it off at a draught. Unaccustomed to the use of liquor, I stood with the scarce-tasted cup in my hand, and with strong aversion in my looks to take more. Borthwick laughed and took the cup from me. 'A true soldier, my sackless lad,' said he, 'should have a throat sheathed with brass, that could swallow melted brimstone, and a stomach fit to digest a fathom of five-inch cable and the left fluke of the best bower anchor. Come, my hearty lad, example surpasses precept—did you never see one swallow a mutchkin of Nantz, nor let the cup or the liquor touch his lips? Then, behold, I drink,' and gaping as he spoke, he threw the liquid into his mouth as one casts a bucket of water on a raging fire: and such was his dexterity, that neither liquor nor cup touched his lips. 'There,' said he, 'Allan Lorburne, of Cosincon—a name as highland as heather—the man who can do *that* may beat the Dutch, beard the devil, and dread nought that swims on salt water. I mind once, when I was but a raw callant—not much higher than that half coil of cable—I commanded a small smuggling shallop—the size of a cockle-shell or the seven corporations' Punch Bowl. Jock Macgrub, Tam Grunson, and a brandy lad or two more, were with me. The sea calm—the air hazy—the hour twelve at night, and the coast of old Kirkcudbright distant a bare pistol shot. I sat like a sleeping gull above an anker of brandy, when who should drop down upon us but black Jock Gripeam, and the fiend's first born, Davie Elshender, and five other unhallowed limbs of that foul monster, the Customs. Down they came, armed and double armed—in a well-going cutter with a full sail. Shall we fight or flee? said Tam Grunson, looking at the flints of his pistols. Fight first, we can flee after, said I—what! shall we run from a rascally gauger while we have a keg of brandy to brawl for—but first, let us have a mouthful each of the quickening spirit, which priests call consecrated water, and matrons cooling cordial;—and they gaped about me in a round robin. I threw a cupful into each, and may Providence forgive the havoc we soon made among some of his most imperfect works. I shall never describe the mischief we did—if a shot or a stab to a gauger be a thing in itself sinful, I have something to answer for—and if turning a pretty revenue cutter into a smuggling ling be a matter worthy of repentance, even let me to my knees. But why should I think injuriously of the dispensations respecting future rewards and punishments? There's hope for all, and consolation for every thing—to some bare thought is joy, and to me this cup is comfort—So here's to a speedy and a profitable lading, and then, hey! for the land of sugar-cane and spice, with a merry

heart and a snoring breeze.' And setting the replenished cup to his lips, he drained it with slow and deliberate delight.

To be continued.

ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

A VOLUME entitled "Some Ancient Christmas Carols," with the Tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England, by Davies Gilbert, Esq., has been lately published. It is a literary and musical curiosity. It consists of eight Carols with their old tunes, which bear a strong resemblance to the popular music of Scotland. These Carols, Mr. Gilbert reminds us, were chanted in churches on Christmas Day, and in private houses on Christmas Eve; and states that the custom prevailed throughout the West of England up to the latter part of the late century.

"Christmas Day, the continuer like every other great festival, has prefixed to it in the calendar a Vigil or Fast; and in Catholic countries Mass is still celebrated at midnight after Christmas Eve, when austerities cease, and rejoicings of all kinds succeed. Shadows of these customs were, till very lately, preserved in the Protestant West of England. The day of Christmas Eve was passed in an ordinary manner; but at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cyder or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of Carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas Day these Carols took the place of Psalms in all the Churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining: and at the end it was usual for the Parish Clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the Parishioners.

"None of the sports or gambols, so frequently practised on subsequent days, ever mixed themselves with the religious observances of Christmas Eve. Two of the sports most used in Cornwall were, the one, a metrical play, exhibiting the successful prowess of St. George exerted against a Mahometan adversary; the other a less dignified representation of some transactions at a market or fair.

"In the first, Saint George enters accoutred with complete armour, and exclaims,

"Here come I Saint George,
That valiant champion bold,
And with my sword and spear
I've won three crowns of gold.
I slew the Dragon, he
And brought him to the slaughter,
By which I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt's daughter."

"The Pagan enters,

"Here come I the Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight,
— — — — bold,
And if your blood is hot,
I soon will make it cold."

"They fight, the Turkish Knight falls, and rising on one knee,

"Oh! pardon me, Saint George,
Oh pardon me, I crave,
Oh! give me but my life,
And I will be thy slave."

"Saint George, however, again strikes him down; but immediately relenting, calls out

"Is there no Doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound?"

"A Doctor enters, declaring that he has a small phial filled with the juice of some particular plant, capable of recalling any one to life; he tries, however, and fails: when Saint George kills him, enraged by his want of success. Soon after this the Turkish knight appears perfectly well; and having been fully convinced of his errors by the strength of Saint George's arm, he becomes a Christian, and the scene closes.

"The Fair or Market usually followed, as a Farce. Several persons arranged on benches were sometimes supposed to sell corn; and one applying to each seller in his turn inquired the price, using a set form of words,

to be answered in a corresponding manner. If any error were committed, a grave personage was introduced with much ceremony, grotesquely attired, and provided with a large stick; who, after stipulating for some ludicrous reward, such as a gallon of moon-light, proceeded to shoe the untamed colt, by striking the person in error on the sole of the foot."

We may add to this piece of popular antiquity, that similar sports prevail at Yule, or Christmas time, in the North of England and Scotland, where the actors go from house to house under the name of Guizarts, or Guizards. Here, however, the hero has no appellation, and the conquered party is called Galatian (we know not whence derived, perhaps quasi Galathian, from Galathe, the name of Hector's horse in the ancient Romances, or, more probably, from Galatia, *i. e.* Gallo-graecia, the scene of many of St. George's exploits;) and the drama, after a prologue, begins facetiously:—

Here comes I myself,
Who never came before:
And I will do the best I can—
What can the best do more?

The Knight then boasts of his former deeds, and proclaims his challenge; upon which the adversary enters with—

Here come I Galatian,
Galatian is my name;
With sword and pistol by my side,
I hope to win the game.

He is nevertheless vanquished, and the victor says—

Galatian he is dead,
Galatian he is slain,
But I will do the best I can
To bring him back again.

The Doctor is thereupon called in with the couplet quoted by Mr. Gilbert, and performs the cure of the dead man by some miraculous drug, and generally some low allusion to the seat of his mortal hurt about the lodge of honour. Songs and revels conclude the performance, and the performers are rewarded.

Mr. Gilbert refers to Brand's Popular Antiquities (Mr. Ellis's edition,) and Brady's Clavis Calendaria, for ample accounts of the ceremonies at Christmas, and for dissertations on the name of *Yule*,* whence he derives the French Noel. This derivation is doubtful, for we known of no instance in which its Saxon primitive term means any festival, but strictly Christmas; whereas it appears from Menage (whom Mr. G. cites,) that the word Noel, or Nouel, was used for any rejoicing fete or public solemnity:—Thus

"Martial de Paris, à l'entrée du Roy Charles VII. dans Verneuil:—

"Ce jour vint le Roy à Verneuil,
On il fut receu à grand joye
Du peuple joyeux a merveil,
En criant Noel par la voye."

Of the Western Carols themselves a perfect idea may be formed from the annexed specimen:—

The Lord at first did Adam make
Out of the dust and clay,
And in his nostrils breathed life,
E'en as the Scriptures say,
And then in Eden's Paradise
He placed him to dwell,
That he within it should remain
To dress and keep it well.

Now let good Christians all begin
An holy life to live,
And to rejoice and merry be,
For this is Christmas Eve,

And then within the garden he
Commanded was to stay,

---

* Drayton, in his Polyolbion, says descriptively:—

"And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such rule
In any place but here, at bonfire or at Yule."

In Holinshed's Scotland it is stated, "King Alexander, and his mother Ermingarde, were sitting at their banquet on the XII day in Christen masse, otherwise called *Yule*;" and Warner, spelling it differently in his *Alb. Eng.* says,—

"At *Eule* we wonton, gambole, dance, to carrole and to sing,
To have good spiced sewe and roste, and plum pies for a king."

See Nares Glossary.

And unto him in commandment
These words the Lord did say:
The fruit which in the garden grows
To thee shall be for meat,
Except the tree in the midst thereof,
Of which thou shalt not eat.

For in the day that thou shalt eat,
Or do it them come nigh;
For if that thou doth eat thereof
Then surely thou shalt die.
But Adam he did take no heed
Unto that only thing,
But did trangress God's holy law,
And so was wrapt in sin.

Now mark the goodness of the Lord
Which he for mankind bore,
His mercy soon he did extend,
Lost man for to restore,
And then for to redeem our souls
From death and hellish thrall,
He said his own dear Son should be
The Saviour of us all.

* * * *

And now the tide is nigh at hand,
Int' which our Saviour came;
Let us rejoice, and merry be,
In keeping of the same.
Let's feed the poor and hungry souls,
And such as do it crave;
Then when we die, in Heaven sure
Our reward we shall have.

The others, of course, relate the same event, but the manner is still more quaint:—

A virgin most pure, as the prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a baby as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us in.

CHORUS.

Aye, and therefore be you merry,
Rejoice and be you merry;
Set sorrows aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem in Jewry a City there was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed with many one more,
For Cæsar commanded the same should be so.

Aye, and therefore, &c.

But when they had entered the City so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there;
That Joseph and Mary whose substance was small,
Could find in the Inn there no lodging at all.

Aye, and therefore, &c.

Then were they constrain'd in a stable to lye,
Where horses and asses they us'd for to tie;
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born, &c.

Though there may appear to be something ludicrous in this rude simplicity, it is not always inconsistent with the pathetic and poetic. In proof of this we shall quote one verse, the last line of which would do no dishonour to any bard:—

No place at all for our Saviour
In Judea could be found,
Yet sweet Mary's mild behaviour,
Patiently upon the ground
Her babe did place in vile disgrace,
Where oxen in their stall did feed;
No midwife mild had this sweet child,
Nor woman's help at mother's need.

Here ends our lesson.

AN AMERICAN METHODIST MEETING.

From Flint's Letters from America.

I lately returned from visiting the camp meeting of Wesleyan methodists, where I remained about twenty-four hours. On approaching the scene of action, the number of horses tied to fences and trees, and the travelling waggons standing in the environs, convinced me of the great *magnitude* of the assemblage. Immediately round the meeting a considerable number of *tents* were irregularly disposed. Some of *them* were *log cabins* [a bit of a hint this, in our Scotch friend] that seemed to have served several campaigns, but most of them constructed by poles, covered over with coarse tow cloth. These tents are for the accommodation of

the people who attend the worship for several days, or for a week together. I had no sooner got a sight of the area within, than I was struck with surprise, my feet were for a moment involuntarily arrested, while I gazed on a preacher vociferating from a high rostrum, raised between two trees, and an agitated crowd immediately before him, that were *making* a loud noise and *the most singular gesticulations* which can be imagined. On advancing a few paces, I discovered that the turmoil was chiefly confined within a small inclosure of about thirty feet square, in front of the orator, and that the ground occupied by the congregation was laid with felled trees for seats. A rail fence divided it into two parts, one for females, and the other for males. It was my misfortune to enter by the wrong side, and I was politely informed of the mistake by a Colonel P——, of my acquaintance, who, it appeared, had undertaken the duty of keeping the males apart from the females. [The sly rogue! one of his travelling tricks, to get among the women. Had he gone to Turkey he would have been for invading the Harem.] The inclosure already mentioned was for the reception of those who undergo religious awakenings, and was filled by both sexes, who were exercising violently. Shouting, screaming, clapping of hands, leaping, jerking, falling, and swooning. The preacher could not be distinctly heard, great as his exertions were; certainly had it not been for his elevated position, his voice would have been entirely blended with the clamours below. I took my stand close by the fence, for the purpose of noting down exclamations uttered by the exercised, but found myself unable to pick up any thing like a distinct paragraph. [A paragraph of exclamations is good.] Borrowing an idea from the Greek mythology, to have a distinct perception of sounds, poured from such a multitude of bellowing mouths, would require the ear of *Jove*. I had to content myself with such vociferations as *glory, glory, power, Jesus Christ*,—with 'groans and woes unutterable.'

In the afternoon a short occasion was allowed for dinner, and those deeply affected were removed to tents and laid on the ground. This new arrangement made a striking change in the camp, the bustle being removed from the centre and distributed along the outskirts of the preaching ground. Separate tents, in which one or more persons were laid, were surrounded by females who sung melodiously. It is truly delightful to hear these sweet singing people. Some of their tunes, it is true, did not convey, through my prejudiced ears, the solemn impressions that become religious worship, for I recognised several of the airs associated with the sentimental songs of my native land. In one instance a tent was dismantled of its tow cloth covering, which discovered a female almost motionless. After a choir of girls around her had sung for a few minutes, two men then stood over her, and simultaneously joined in prayer. One of them, gifted with a loud and clear voice, drowned the other totally, and actually prayed him down.

After dinner another orator took his place. The inclosure was again filled with the penitent, or with others wishing to become so, and a vast congregation arranged themselves on their seat in the rear. A most pathetic prayer was poured forth, and a profound silence reigned over all the camp, except the fenced inclosure, from whence a low hollow murmuring sound issued. Now and then, *Amen* was articulated in a *pitiful* [pitiable] and indistinct tone of voice. You have seen a menagerie of wild animals on a journey, and have perhaps heard the king of beasts, and other powerful quadrupeds, excited to grumbling by the jolting of the waggon. Probably you will call this a rude simile; but it is the most accurate that I can think of. Sermon commenced. The preacher announced his determination of discontinuing his labours in this part of the world, and leaving his dear brethren for ever. He addressed the old men present, telling

them that they and he must soon be removed from this mortal state of existence, and that the melancholy reflection arose in his mind,—"What will become of the church when we are dead and gone?"—A loud response of groaning and howling was sounded by the aged in the inclosure, and throughout the congregation. He next noticed that he saw a multitude of young men before him, and, addressing himself to them, said, "I trust in God, that many of you will be now converted, and will become the preachers and the pious Christians of after days."—The clamour now thickened, for young and old shouted together. Turning his eyes towards the female side of the fence, he continued, "And you, my dear sisters!"—What he had further to say to the future "nursing mothers of the church," could not be heard, for the burst of acclamation, on their part, completely prevented his voice from being heard, on which account he withdrew; and a tune was struck up and sung with grand enthusiasm. The worship now proceeded with a new energy; the prompter in the pulpit had succeeded in giving it an impulse, and the music was sufficient to preserve emotion. The inclosure was so much crowded that its inmates had not the liberty of lateral motion, but were literally hobbling *en masse*. My attention was particularly directed to a girl of about twelve years of age, who while standing could not be seen over her taller neighbours; but at every leap she was conspicuous above them. The velocity of every plunge made her long loose hair flirt up as if a handkerchief were held by one of its corners and twitched violently. Another female, who had arrived at womanhood, was so much overcome, that she was held up to the breeze by two persons who went to her relief. I never before saw such exhaustion. The vertebral column was completely pliant, her body, her neck, and her extended arms, bent in every direction successively. It would be impossible to describe the diversity of cases; they were not now confined within the fence, but were numerous among the people without. Only a small proportion of them could fall within the observation of any one bystander. The scene was to me equally novel and curious.

About dusk I retired several hundred yards into the woods to enjoy the distant effect of the meeting. Female voices were mournfully predominant, and my imagination figured to me a multitude of mothers, widows, and sisters, giving the first vent to their grief, in bewailing the loss of a male population, by war, shipwreck, or some other great catastrophe.

It had been thought proper to place sentinels without the camp. Females were not allowed to pass out into the woods after dark. [Sly Mr. Flint.] Spirituous liquors were not permitted to be sold in the neighbourhood.

Large fires of timber were kindled which cast a new lustre on every object. The white tents gleamed in the glare. Over them the dusky woods formed a most romantic gloom, only the tall trunks of the front rank were distinctly visible, and these seemed so many members of a lofty colonnade. The illuminated camp lay on a declivity, and exposed a scene that suggested to my mind the moonlight gambols of beings known to us only through the fictions of credulous ages. The greatest turmoil prevailed within the fence, where the inmates were leaping and hobbling together with upward looks and extended arms. Around this busy mass, the crowd formed a thicker ring than the famous Macedonian phalanx [whose ring was a square, Mr. Flint]; and among them, a mixture of the exercised were interspersed. Most faces were turned inward to gaze on the grand exhibition, the rear ranks on tip toe, to see over those in front of them, and not a few mounted on the log seats, to have a more commanding view of the show. People were constantly passing out and into the ring in brisk motion, so that the white drapery of females and the darker apparel of the men were alternately vanishing and re-appearing in the *most elegant confusion*. The sublimity of the music served to give

an enchanting effect to the whole. My mind involuntarily reverted to the leading feature of the tale of Alloway Kirk.

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Where Tam o' Shanter
- - Stood like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd.

Late in the evening a man detached himself from the crowd, walking rapidly backward and forward, and crying aloud. His vociferations were of this kind: "I have been a great sinner, and was on the way to be damned; but am converted now, thank God—glory, glory!" He turned round on his heel occasionally, giving a loud whoop. A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, told me that he had a conversation with a female who had just recovered from the debility of the day. She could give no other account of her sensations than that she felt so good, that she could press her very enemy to her bosom. [Fie, Mr. Flint.]

At half-past two *p. m.* I got into the tent, stretched myself on the ground, and was soon lulled asleep by the music. About five I was awakened by the unceasing melody. At seven, preaching was resumed; and a lawyer residing in the neighbourhood gave a sermon of a legal character. [We could wish this sort of sermon explained, for the sake of its novelty.]

At nine the meeting adjourned to breakfast. A multitude of small fires being previously struck up, an extensive cooking process commenced, and a smell of bacon tainted the air. I took this opportunity of reconnoitering the evacuated field. The little inclosure, so often mentioned, is, by the religious, called Altar, and some scoffers are wicked enough to call it *Pen*, from its similarity to the structures in which hogs are confined. Its area was covered over with straw, in some parts more wetted than the litter of a stable. If it could be ascertained that all this moisture was from the tears of the penitent, the fact would be a surprising one. [Fie again, naughty but facetious Mr. Flint.] *Waving* all inquiry into this phenomenon, however, the incident now recorded may be held forth as a very suitable counterpart to a wonderful story recorded by the Methodistic oracle Lorenzo Dow, of a heavy shower drenching a neighbourhood, while a small speck, including a camp meeting, was passed over and left entirely dry. In Lorenzo's case, the rain fell all round the camp, but in that noticed by me, the moisture was in the very centre. - - -

- - - Females seem to be more susceptible of the impressions than men are. A quality, perhaps, that is to be imputed to the greater sensibility of their feelings. - - -

The awakenings in Kentucky that were some years ago hailed by the religious magazines of your country as the workings of the *Divine Spirit*, must have been those that occurred at camp meetings of Methodists. These assemblages are now said to be on the decline in Kentucky; and when meetings were held on a grand scale there, many disorders were committed by immoral persons, tending to the great scandal of religion, and occasioning the precautionary measures already noticed in this detail.

[What could we add to such a picture as this, combining as it does the sensibility of a Wilkie with the humour of a Hogarth. To the author we can only say *Vale*. He has entertained us much, though his work is not worth a rush: but we are always grateful for a laugh whether *at* or *with*.]

THE RING.

WALKING up St. James's-Street a few days ago, I was attracted by some very beautiful specimens of bijouterie, displayed for sale in the window of a shop; and seeing a very curious antique ring, set in diamonds, labelled for a sum that I fancied beneath its value, I was tempted to purchase it. Examining my bargain while sitting in my easy chair after dinner, I dropped

asleep, as is my usual custom; and the ring being the last subject of my thoughts, gave rise to the following dream:—I thought that, while in the act of contemplating my new purchase, it thus addressed me—and, however unnatural and improbable it may seem, that an inanimate object should be gifted with the power of speech, yet, with the usual incoherence of a dream, all appeared to me perfectly correct.

"Do not undervalue me because this day I came into your possession for a comparatively trifling sum. Though you see me now with my lustre dimmed by age and want of care, time was that I wore a different aspect. In my fate you will see the lot of all sublunary grandeur, and I shall therefore relate to you my eventful history.

"I was purchased in Rome, where I was examined and admired by many a virtuoso; but a young Englishman, on his travels, no sooner saw me than he wished to possess me. Doubtful, however, of his own skill as a connoisseur, he determined on consulting a person considered a perfect judge in such matters; and, with all the unsuspicious openness of his countrymen, told my owner so. No sooner had he left the house, than my master hastened to the virtuoso that the Englishman had named as the arbiter of my destiny; and having originally demanded double my value, he now offered a handsome douceur to the antiquary, if he could, by his commendations, ensure my sale to the young amateur. Those two precious Romans soon came to a perfect understanding; in a day or two the bargain was made, and I was consigned to the care of my new master. Though I disliked the cupidity of my late owner, and wished to leave him, still it was not without a pang that I bade adieu to the lovely cameos and intaglios that had been so long my neighbours in the same drawer; and the precious antique gems that had been so often in close contact with me, never appeared to possess so many charms as in the moment that I was torn from them for ever. My vanity, however, consoled me for the separation: for it had been cruelly wounded by having overheard my crafty countryman say, that he had two foles, one on a beryl, and another on a sardonyx, both far superior to me, who am, as you perceive, an agate, and that he heartily wished me off his hands, as no one but an Englishman would buy me.

"My new master having looked at me with a carelessness that bespoke him as little interested as skilled in antiques, consigned me to his writing-box; where I lay side by side with many other articles of *virtu*, and surrounded by all the *gages d'amour* with which he had been favoured since he left college. Here I lay in inglorious obscurity for some time; for though my prison was frequently opened, to draw from it a fresh supply of money, I remained unnoticed. At length, by finding my cage moved about, I guessed that a change in my destiny was taking place, and I soon discovered, by the rumbling motion and rude jolts which I experienced, that I was leaving my native city, the once proud and imperial capital of the world. I shall pass over the grief which the parting caused me; nor shall I dwell on the disagreeables that took place between my fellow travellers and myself on the journey; our careless master had bestowed so little attention in packing us, that we frequently experienced some of the unpleasant ills of life. The glass that covered a portrait fell a victim to one of the quarrels, and some beautiful Roman shells were shattered into fragments.

"We proceeded to Florence, and thence to Paris, where we took up our abode; and we had not been long there, when I observed that my prison was never opened that my master did not exhibit certain symptoms of chagrin and impatience which boded something disagreeable. One day he seized my cage with a violence that threatened its annihilation, and flattered me with the hope of liberty: but the lock soon obeyed his hand; and from the frequent exclamations I

heard him utter, of "Cursed fool!" "Stupid dupe!" "Stingy father!" I guessed that something unusual had occurred, and I found he was writing to solicit from his father fresh supplies. His application failed of success, but brought him a recal. We soon bade adieu to Paris, and set out for England,—that country, of whose wealth I had heard so much, and whose sons have been considered as the natural prey of the artful and designing.

"The first gleam of light that visited me in England shone through the dusty panes of a window in the Custom House at Dover; where my prison was unceremoniously opened, and my companions and myself exposed to the view of a crowd of spectators, amidst a heap of clothes-bags, dressing-cases, *portfeuilles*, portmanteaus, china, artificial flowers, &c. &c. &c. Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself to me. The looks of inexorable rigidity of the custom-house officers,—the pale faces of the owners of the various properties, which told a piteous tale of sufferings past, and from which they had not yet recovered. The soiled dresses, mis-shaped hats and bonnets, and uncurled ringlets falling over languid cheeks,—showed the ladies in no very favourable point of view; while the unshorn chins, and rumpled neckcloths of the gentlemen, betrayed that they had not escaped the disasters of the briny element. Each individual stood close to his or her property; and all personal suffering appeared to be forgotten in the anxiety which they felt to recover their possessions from the ruthless fangs of the custom house officers. One lady was declaring that a piece of fine Mecklin lace, found in her band-box, was English manufacture; and another was insisting that a piece of French silk, which was discovered peeping through her pocket-hole, was merely the lining of her dress. Innumerable female voices, all speaking together, were heard around, making confusion doubly confused; while the gentlemen, who appeared less able to argue with the revenue officers, contented themselves with undervaluing their properties, that the duties might be proportionally reduced. I made one reflection on the scene around me, which was, that the female sex are all addicted to dealing in contraband goods, or smuggling, as it was there called; for out of above fifty ladies present, there was not one who did not endeavour to defraud the revenue.

"After witnessing several animated contests, and countless seizures, it at length came to my turn to be examined; and I felt my dignity not a little offended by being taken up between the soiled finger and thumb of one of the inspectors, who, after viewing me for a moment, pronounced me English, which my master having with rather a disdainful smile tacitly admitted, I was restored to my old abode, and, with my companions, again huddled up in our narrow cell.

"The scene I had witnessed conveyed no favourable impression of England; and I could not help ejaculating to myself, Is this, then, that famed land of freedom of which I have so often heard; and whose laws, and protection of private property, are so frequently held up to admiration? How prone are mankind to misrepresent, and exaggerate; and how ill-governed must this same kingdom be, and how defective its laws, when the goods for which an individual has paid his money, and which, of course, have become his property, are taken from him without even the civility of an excuse, and this by the very officers employed to carry their boasted laws into effect? I made many more wise reflections on laws and governments, but of which, as they do not concern my history, I shall spare you the recital; let it suffice to say, that no where had I heard law and justice so violently denounced as in an English custom house; and there it was I first learned that they are not synonymous terms.

"The motion of the vehicle, as we rolled along from Dover towards London, was so different from that to which I had hitherto been accustomed, that I concluded the roads in England to be much better, or that some

peculiar excellence appertained to English horses or postillions. My travelling-companions and I agreed much better; and during our journey from Dover to the metropolis, we maintained our equilibrium with perfect decorum, and had not a single rupture.

To be continued.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

The Marchese Marescotti had lived for seven years in the happiest union with his beautiful wife. It was not a match of convenience, but the resul of mutual affection and regard, though each was possessed of a considerable fortune. The Marchese had all the qualities that constitute an amiable man; his only foible was a suspicion of the fidelity of the sex, which had taken root in his mind ever since he was most basely deceived by the object of his first affections, for whose constancy he could have pledged his life: but the Marchesa, a tender, gentle creature, afforded so little food for this prejudice against her sex, that her husband began by degrees, to have faith in female virtue, and to place almost implicit confidence in his wife. A boy, six years old, bound the parents still more closely together, and in all Genoa there was not a happier couple. Their felicity seemed to rest on a permanent basis, when an unexpected accident reminded them that in this world there is no joy without sorrow, no happiness without affliction.

The Marchesa had been brought up by her mother in the profoundest reverence for religion, and conscientiously performed all the duties which it imposed: thus she never missed going to confession on the great festivals instituted by the church. One day, being the eve of All Saints, she drove to a chapel about a mile distant from the city, for the purpose of confessing to an aged and venerable ecclesiastic, who was in high repute throughout all Genoa for his piety and rigid virtue. On her arrival, the chapel was so thronged with persons who had come thither with the same intent as herself, that the Marchesa foresaw she was likely to be detained some hours before she could speak to the confessor; she therefore sent back her servants with the carriage, ordering them to return about seven in the evening, and to tell their master she should be glad if he would fetch her.

The Marchese most cheerfully complied with her wish, and set out for the chapel rather earlier than the time appointed; while the servants stopped at the door, he entered, found the place quite empty, and heard some one speaking, in a low tone, in the confessional: on listening he soon recognised the voice of his wife. He waited a considerable time, but as the Marchesa continued so long with the confessor and consequently must have a great deal to confess, his unhappy jealousy, which had so long lain dormant, was all at once awakened, and impelled the Marchese to approach near enough to overhear what his wife had to say. It began to be dark, and he softly advanced unperceived close to the confessional; and as the Marchesa, under the idea that she was quite alone with the ecclesiastic, spoke rather louder than at first, he had no difficulty to hear distinctly the following words:—

"Yes, the young man has a handsome person, and for upwards of half a year he has passed some hours every day in my bed-chamber, waiting for opportunities favorable to his passion. In the evening, while we were at supper, the girl let him out by a private staircase. I have dismissed her as I said, and from the motive I have already mentioned, have not told my husband why I thought fit to discharge her." This confession struck the ear of the Marchese like a peal of thunder. Fury, jealousy, took possession of his heart, and in the first paroxysm of rage he would have dispatched his guilty wife, regardless of the sacredness of the place, and the heinousness of the crime, had not the sacristan at that moment entered.

Recollecting himself, he hurried out of the chapel, strictly forbidding his servants to inform his wife that he had been there, and impelled by rage and revenge, returned by the shortest way to Genoa.

A thousand torturing sensations racked his bosom, and as many horrid plans presented themselves to his mind. With inexpressible horror, he saw himself deceived—he, who loved his wife so tenderly, and who had relied with such confidence on her virtue. Her image stood in all its beauty before his heated imagination, and only served to inflame his revenge. After a few agonizing minutes his resolution was fixed. He wrote a few lines to his faithless wife, informing her he was obliged to go into the country for a fortnight; then ordered post-horses, and set out immediately for a solitary castle, about fifty miles off, inhabited only by the keeper, the gardener, and the family of his steward.

No sooner had he arrived, than he sent for workmen from the nearest village, and ordered them to affix iron bars to the window of the most retired apartments, and to place a turning-machine in the door of the first room, like those common in nunneries. When this was done, he sent a carriage to fetch his wife, desiring her, in a letter, to get into it immediately, without saying a word to any one whither she was going, as a matter of the utmost importance rendered profound silence indispensably necessary. The brevity and the unexpected tenor of the note which the Marchesa had found on her return from confession, had given her some uneasiness, which was greatly increased by this letter; as she could not conceive what sort of change had taken place with her husband, and why she was required to make a secret of her journey. She nevertheless obeyed his summons without hesitation.

The carriage at length reached the mysterious castle. The draw-bridge was lowered. She fancied she saw her husband coming to meet her—she was disappointed, and on enquiring where he was, the keeper of the castle replied, that he was in the apartment destined for her reception. She ascended the stone stairs with an anxiety for which she could not account, and was ushered into the room. There stood the pale and gloomy Marchese. She flew to him, and asked, with manifest alarm, "What is the matter, my dear?"—"You know well enough!" replied he in a voice of thunder, and pushing her from him, and casting on her a penetrating look. "Indeed I do not," mildly answered the terrified lady. "Gracious heaven! what can have happened to you?" The frankness and innocence expressed in her looks, instead of soothing the Marchese, served only to increase his rage. "You are a monster!" cried he; "but those deceitful looks, this affected innocence, shall not deceive me. Your conscience will tell you what you deserve. Ask me no more questions. I know every thing. Were I to charge you with your crime, you would be sure to invent a thousand excuses: but you shall not continue your vicious courses. This is your prison," added he, pointing to the windows secured with iron bars; "here you shall pass the remainder of that life, which ought by right to be forfeited."

"Stop, my dear husband!" said the supplicating Marchesa; "I know not how I can have offended you. But if you persist in your silence, and deem it right to punish me, consider my situation at least, and spare the innocent pledge of our love, to which I shall ere long give life!"

This hint at her situation—the Marchesa was in the fourth month of her pregnancy—informed him still more, as it suggested the horrible idea that a stranger was possibly the father of the unborn infant. "Perish," cried he, "the offspring of guilt, and the disgrace of my house!"

With these words he rushed out, double locked the door, and hastened to the other end of the castle to give vent to his fury, his sorrow, and his tears.

The Marchesa was so thunderstruck by this unexpected reception and the cruel menaces of her husband, that

she stood for a long time almost insensible, and as it rooted to the spot. When she at length recovered the use of her senses, she began to consider how she could have incurred his displeasure, but to no purpose. Tears at last came to her relief. "He believes me to be guilty!" sighed she,—"and alas! he loves me! How sincerely I pity him! But innocence imparts fortitude: I will suffer with resignation." She now thought of her son, who was deprived, perhaps, for ever, of the care and affection of a mother, and of her unborn infant; she recollected, with horror, the words of her husband: and all the miseries which his unhappy mistake was likely to bring upon her child presented themselves to her soul. Amid these melancholy reflections, the tears flowed incessantly for several days and nights down her so lately blooming cheeks. At length she resigned herself wholly to the will of Providence, to whose goodness she also commended her husband and her children.

After the Marchese had given directions respecting the future treatment of his wife, he ordered the question to be put to her, whether there was any thing more she wished for. "Nothing," she replied, "but the heart of my husband." He stood, unknown to her, at the door, and heard this answer, but returned, unmoved, to Genoa.

The prison of this unfortunate lady, consisted of two small rooms, the well-secured windows of which looked into a court-yard, surrounded with a high wall. Here was a beautiful woman of twenty-six, who had a right to calculate on the enjoyment of all the pleasures of the world, doomed to pass her life in dreary solitude and everlasting confinement.

The Marchese was meanwhile a prey to the horrors of contending passions; but amid all the torments of jealousy and revenge, a still small voice seemed to speak within his bosom in favour of his wife. When he considered the whole of his earlier years; when he recollected all the amiable qualities by which she had made his life a heaven upon earth; when he reflected on the patience, the resignation, and the meekness with which she had borne his threats and his cruelty; he could not help viewing in her the innocent victim of his jealousy, and in himself a barbarian. But when he unluckily called to mind the words of her confession, he thought his treatment of her a great deal too mild; and was more and more confirmed in his determination to keep her confined during the rest of her life.

He visited the castle regularly once a month, and sometimes oftener to see that his commands were punctually executed. As soon as he had arrived, he ordered the unfortunate Marchesa to be informed of his coming, and always placed himself near the door to hear how she received the intelligence. Not aware that he was present, she always enquired concerning him in the most affectionate manner, and then went back sighing into her prison.

The Marchese usually stayed a week at the castle, and when he returned his wife was asked, by his desire, whether she wanted any thing. Books of devotion were all that she desired to have. He once sent her some very entertaining works, but she returned them with the assurance, that she wished for no other works than such as were calculated to inspire her with patience and fortitude.

In the ninth month of her pregnancy the unfortunate prisoner urgently solicited an interview with her lord; but he peremptorily refused to comply with her request. She then begged him to furnish her with the materials for writing to him once more. When this favour, too, was denied her, and she was thus cut off from all hopes of enjoying an opportunity of pouring out her heart to her inexorable husband, necessity, the mother of invention, suggested to her the idea of having recourse to her skill in working with her needle. She took a white handkerchief, and with her hair wrought on it the following word,:—

"Dear Husband,—I am now entering the ninth month of my pregnancy, and the hour of my child's birth will, perhaps, be the last of my life. Some evil spirit, envious of our happiness, has poisoned its source; but sooner or later truth will triumph, and I weep for the sorrows which you will have prepared for yourself, when you discover my innocence. I suffer, it is true, but less from the loss of my liberty than from the loss of your heart; yet there is something flattering in your severity itself; it proves that you love me, and this affords me solace. It is only through mistake that you treat me so cruelly. Would to heaven that remorse may never disturb your conscience on my account! but you have great reason to fear it on another. Consider that the infant which will soon see the light is yours. Begin then to be a father, for I am firmly convinced that heaven will one day restore my husband to me. I have nothing to solicit of you but a person to render those offices which my situation no longer permit me to perform for myself, and a midwife to attend me at my approaching delivery. Adieu."

When the Marchese opened the handkerchief, he paused for a moment, and was undecided whether he should deviate or not from his resolution, never to read any thing coming from or in behalf of his faithless wife. He soon determined not to look at this letter. He folded it up again, and sent the unfortunate Marchese the following note:—"I have received your ingenious letter, but not perused it. Why do you show me what inventive talents you possess? If you have ever employed a similar stratagem to correspond with your paramour, I shall not fail to hear of it, and then tremble for the consequences."

To be continued.

VARIETIES.

Beer and Porter.—The Egyptians have the credit of being the first inventors of beer; they called it the Pelusian liquor, because it was first made at Pelusium, a city near the mouth of the Nile, about twelve hundred years before the Christian æra.—The porter, for which London has become so distinguished, was first introduced about the year 1730. Previous to that time, the malt liquors in general use were ale, beer, and two penny; it was then customary to call for a pint of half-and-half, that is, half beer and half two-penny; or else a pint, or tankard, of three thirds, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two-penny. Then the publican was obliged to draw from three casks to serve one customer. To avoid this trouble and waste, a brewer, whose name was Harwood, conceived the idea of making a liquor, which should partake of the united flavours of ale, beer, and two-penny; this he called *entire*, or entire butt beer, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt. It was soon discovered to be a very hearty nourishing liquor, suitable to porters and other working people, whence it obtained the name of *porter*.

Old Wines.—The passion for old wine has been sometimes carried to a very ridiculous excess; for the "thick crust," "bee's wing," and the several other criterions of the epicure, are but so many proofs of the decomposition and departure of some of the best qualities of the wine. Had the man that first filled the celebrated Heidelburgh tun been placed as a sentinel, to see that no other wine was put into it, he would have found it much better at 25 or 30 years old, than at 100 or 150, had he lived so long, and been permitted now and then to taste it.—At Bremen, there is a wine cellar, called the Store, where five hogsheads of Rhenish wines have been preserved since the year 1625. These five hogsheads cost 900 francs. Had this sum been put up to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money; a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,599,180 francs; and a single wine glass, 2,773,808 francs.

POETRY.

DECEMBER.

THOUGH now 'tis cold and winter drear,
When trees disrob'd of leaves appear,
Though nature's lively mantle's lost
In drizzly rain or chilly frost,
And eddying streamlets cease to flow,
Bound fast in ice,—when showers of snow
Scatter their silv'ry sleet around,
And verdure no more decks the ground;
Yet Christmas comes, and with it brings
The face that smiles, the voice that sings,
While plenty pours its welcome hoard,
And social pleasure crowns the board.
Then blazing hearths, to great and small,
Illuminate the festive hall;
While the brisk dance and lively strain
Bid mirth appear, nor bid in vain.

To *Age* the series now appears
Of many past revolving years;
Youth owns a season of delight
As time proceeds in rapid flight;
And *Childhood* is first taught to know
How the successive seasons flow;
Nay, sturdy labour we may see
Enjoy it days of liberty.

Religion, too, the time employs
In sacred feast and holy joys,
While the all-sacred doctrines taught,
With those benign instructions fraught,
Which teach the human heart to scan
The great, sublime good-will to man.
The anthem was of heavenly birth
That sung the strain of peace on earth;
And man would never dare complain,
Did he fulfil th' harmonious strain;
But bid his worldly jarrings cease,
And make his life one scene of peace

SOLITUDE.

O VALE of visionary rest;
—Hush'd as the grave it lies
With heaving banks of tenderest green,
Yet brightly, happily serene,
As cloud-vale of the sleepy west
Reposing on the skies.
Its reigning spirit may not vary—
What change can seasons bring
Unto so sweet, so calm a spot,
Where every loud and restless thing
Is like a far-off dream forgot?
Mild, gentle, mournful, solitary,
As if it aye were spring,
And Nature lov'd to witness here
The still joys of the infant year,
'Mid flowers and music wandering glad
For ever happy, yet for ever sad.

This little world how still and lone
With that horizon of its own!
And when in silence falls the night,
With its own moon how purely bright!
No Shepherd's cot is here—no Shealing
Its verdant roof through trees revealing—
No branchy covert like a nest,
When the weary woodmen rest,
And their jocund carols sing
O'er the fallen Forest-King.
Inviolate by human hand
The fragrant white-stem'd birch-trees stand,
With many a green and sunny glade
'Mid their embowering murmurs made
By gradual soft decay—
Where stealing to that little lawn
From secret haunt and half afraid,
The Doe, in mute affection gay,
At close of eve leads forth her fawn
Amid the flowers to play.
And in that dell's soft bosom, lo!
Where smileth up a cheerful glow
Of water pure as air,
A Tarn by two small streamlets spread
In beauty o'er its waveless bed,
Reflecting in that heaven so still
The birch-grove mid way up the hill,
And summits green and bare.

How lone! beneath its veil of dew
That morning's rosy finger's drew,
Seldom shepherd's foot hath prest
One primrose in its sunny rest.
The sheep at distance from the spring
May here her lambkins chance to bring,
Sporting with their shadows airy,
Each like tiny water-fairy
Imag'd in the lucid lake!
The bee-hive here doth sometimes make
Music, whose sweet murmurings tell,
Of his shelter'd straw-roof'd cell,
Standing 'mid some garden gay,
Near a cottage far away.
By the lake-side, on a stone,
Stands the heron all alone,
Still as any lifeless thing!
Slowly moves his laggard wing,
And cloud-like floating with the gale
Leaves at last the quiet vale.